SOBER ADVICE FROM HORACE,

TO THE

Young Gentlemen about Town.

As deliver'd in his

SECOND SERMON.

Imitated in the Manner of Mr. *POPE*.

Together with the ORIGINAL TEXT, *as reſtored by the Revd.* R. BENTLEY, *Doctor of Divinity. And ſome Remarks on the* VERSION.

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TO

ALEXANDER POPE, Eſq;

SIR,

I Have ſo great a Truſt in your Indulgence toward me, as to believe you cannot but Patronize this Imitation, ſo much in your own Manner, and whoſe Birth I may truly ſay is owing to you. In that Confidence, I would not ſuppreſs the Criticiſms made upon it by the *Reverend Doctor*, the rather, ſince he has promiſed to *mend the Faults* in the next Edition, with the ſame Goodneſs he has practiſed to *Milton*. I hope you will believe, that while I expreſs my Regard for you, it is only out of Modeſty I conceal my Name; ſince, tho' perhaps, I may not profeſs myſelf your Admirer ſo much as ſome others, I cannot but be, with as much inward Reſpect, Good-will, and Zeal as any Man,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt Affectionate

AND

Faithful Servant.

Q. HORATII FLACCI

SERMO II. L. I.

TEXTUM *Recenſuit*

V. R. RICARDUS BENTLEIUS, S. T. P.

AMbubajarum collegia, pharmacopolae,
Mendici, mimae, balatrones; hoc genus omne
Maeſtum ac ſollicitum eſt cantoris morte Tigelli;
Quippe Benignus *erat* ——
—— *Contra hic, ne prodigus eſſe*
Dicatur, metuens, inopi dare nolit amico,
Frigus quo duramque famem depellere poſſit.

[NOTÆ BENTLEIANÆ.] *Imitated.* Why imitated? Why not tranſlated? *Odi Imitatores!* A Metaphraſt had not turned *Tigellius*, and *Fufidius*, *Malchinus* and *Gargonius* (for I ſay *Malchinus* not *Malthinus*, and *Gargonius*, not *Gorgonius*) into ſo many LADIES. *Benignus*, *hic*, *hunc*, &c. all of the Maſculine Gender: Every School-boy knows more than our Imitator.

Hunc

SOBER ADVICE

From *HORACE*.

Imitated from his

SECOND SERMON.

THE Tribe of Templars, Play'rs, Apothecaries,
Pimps, Poets, Wits, Lord *Fanny*'s, Lady *Mary*'s,
And all the Court in Tears, and half the Town,
Lament dear charming *O—f—ld*, dead and gone!
Engaging *O—f—ld!* who, with Grace and Eaſe,
Could joyn the Arts, to ruin, and to pleaſe.
Not ſo, who of Ten Thouſand gull'd her Knight,
Then ask'd Ten Thouſand for a ſecond Night;
The Gallant too, to whom ſhe pay'd it down,
Liv'd to refuſe that Miſtreſs half a Crown.

Con-

Hunc ſi perconteris, ævi cur atque parentis
Praeclaram ingrata ſtringat malus ingluvie rem,
Omnia conductis coemens obſonia nummis:
" Sordidus, atque animi quod parvi nolit haberi,"
Reſpondet. laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis.

Fuſidius vappae famam timet ac nebulonis,
Dives agris, dives poſitis in fenore nummis.

Quinas hic capiti mercedes exſecat; atque
Quanto perditior quiſque eſt, tanto acrius urguet.
Nomina ſectatur, modo ſumta veſte virili
Sub patribus duris, tironum. Maxime, quis non,
Juppiter, exclamat, ſimul atque audivit? " At in ſe
" Pro quaeſtu ſumtum facit hic". Vix credere poſſis
Quam ſibi non ſit amicus: ita ut Pater *ille, Terenti*
Fabula quem miſerum gnato *vixiſſe* fugato
Inducit, non ſe pejus cruciaverit atque hic.

Si quis nunc quaerat, Quo res haec pertinet? Illuc:
Dum vitant ſtulti vitia, in contraria currunt.

Con. Ph-l-ps cries, "A ſneaking Dog I hate."
That's all three Lovers have for their Eſtate!
"Treat on, treat on," is her eternal Note,
And Lands and Tenements go down her Throat.
Some damn the Jade, and ſome the Cullies blame,
But not Sir *H——t*, for he does the ſame.

With all a Woman's Virtues but the P—x,
Fufidia thrives in Money, Land, and Stocks:
For Int'reſt, ten *per Cent.* her conſtant Rate is;
Her Body? hopeful Heirs may have it *gratis.*
She turns her very Siſter to a Job,
And, in the Happy Minute, picks your Fob:
Yet ſtarves herſelf, ſo little her own Friend,
And thirſts and hungers only at one End:
A Self-Tormentor, worſe than (in the * Play) ----
The Wretch, whoſe Av'rice drove his *Son* away.

But why all this? Beloved, 'tis my Theme:
"Women and Fools are always in Extreme.
Rufa's at either end a Common-Shoar,
Sweet *Moll* and *Jack* are Civet-Cat and Boar:

* *See* My *Terence*, *Heautontimorumenos*: There is nothing in Dr. *Hare*'s BENT.

Nothing

Malchinus tunicis demiſſis ambulat: eſt qui
Inguen *ad* obſcaenum *ſubductis uſque facetus:*
Paſtillos Ruſillus olet, Gargonius hircum.
Nil medium eſt. ſunt qui nolint tetigiſſe, niſi illas,
Quarum ſubſuta talos tegat inſtita veſte:
Contra alius nullam, niſi olente in fornice *ſtantem.*

Quidam notus homo *cum exiret fornice;* " *Macte*
" *Virtute eſto, inquit ſententia dia Catonis,*
" *Nam ſimul ac venas inflavit tetra libido,*
" *Huc juvenes aequum eſt deſcendere, non alienas*
" *Permolere uxores.* ——
——*Nolim laudarier, inquit,*
Sic me, mirator CUNNI CUPIENNIUS ALBI.*

Audire eſt operae pretium, procedere recte
Qui moechos non vultis, ut omni parte laborent;

* CUNNI CUPIENNIUS ALBI, *Hoary Shrine.* Here the Imitator grievouſly errs, *Cunnus albus* by no means ſignifying a *white* or *grey Thing*, but a Thing under a *white* or *grey Garment*, which thing may be either black, brown, red, or parti-coloured. BENT.

Ut-

Nothing in Nature is ſo lew'd as *Peg*,
Yet, for the World, ſhe would not ſhew her Leg!
While baſhful *Jenny*, ev'n at Morning-Prayer,
* Spreads her Fore-Buttocks to the Navel bare.
But diff'rent Taſte in diff'rent Men prevails,
And one is fired by Heads, and one by Tails;
Some feel no Flames but at the *Court* or *Ball*,
And others hunt white Aprons in the *Mall*.

My Lord of *Lo——n*, chancing to remark
A *noted Dean* much buſy'd in the Park,
" Proceed (he cry'd) proceed, my Reverend Brother,
" 'Tis *Fornicatio ſimplex*, and no other:
" Better than luſt for Boys, with *Pope* and *Turk*,
" Or others Spouſes, like † my Lord ot ——

May no ſuch Praiſe (cries *J——s*) e'er be mine!
J——s, who bows at *Hi——sh——w's hoary Shrine*.

All you, who think the *City* ne'er can thrive,
Till ev'ry Cuckold-maker's flea'd alive;

* *A Verſe taken from Mr.* Pope. † *Others read* Lord-Mayor.

Utque illis multo corrupta dolore voluptas,
Atque haec rara, cadat dura inter ſaepe pericla.
Hic ſe praecipitem tecto dedit: ille flagellis
Ad mortem caeſus: fugiens hic decidit acrem
Praedonum in turbam: dedit hic pro corpore nummos:
Hunc perminxerunt calones; quin etiam illud
*Accidit, ut * cuidam* TESTIS, CAUDAMQUE SALACEM
Demeterent ferro. jure omnes. Galba negabat.

Tutior at quanto merx eſt in claſſe ſecunda!
Libertinarum dico: Salluſtius in qua
Non minus inſanit, quam qui moechatur. at hic ſi,
Qua res, qua ratio ſuaderet, quaque modeſte
Munifico eſſe licet, vellet bonus atque benignus
Eſſe; daret quantum ſatis eſſet, nec ſibi damno
Dedecorique foret. verum hoc ſe amplectitur uno,

* — TESTIS CAUDAMQUE SALACEM *Demeterent ferro* (for ſo I ſay, and not *Demeteret ferrum*) *Blerds in Perſon.* — Silly! was he let Blood by a Surgeon? how ſhort is this of the Amputation of the *Teſtes* and *Cauda ſalax?* What Ignorance alſo of Ancient Learning appears in his ſhallow Tranſlation of *Perminxerunt*, totally miſſing the Mark, and not entring into the deep Meaning of the Author.

Attend, while I their Miſeries explain;
And pity Men of Pleaſure ſtill in Pain!
Survey the Pangs they bear, the Riſques they run,
Where the moſt lucky are but laſt undone.
See wretched *Monſieur* flies to ſave his Throat,
And quits his Miſtreſs, Money, Ring, and Note!
K--- of his Footman's borrow'd Livery ſtript,
By worthier Footmen pift upon and whipt!
Plunder'd by Thieves, or Lawyers which is worſe,
One bleeds in Perſon, and one bleeds in Purſe;
This meets a Blanket, and that meets a Cudgel—
And all applaud the Juſtice—All, but * *B*—*l*.

How much more ſafe, dear Countrymen! his State,
Who trades in Frigates of the ſecond Rate?
And yet ſome Care of *S*—*ſt* ſhould be had,
Nothing ſo mean for which he can't run mad;
His Wit confirms him but a Slave the more,
And makes a Princeſs whom he found a Whore.
The Youth might ſave much Trouble and Expence,
Were he a Dupe of only common Senſe.

* *A Gentleman as celebrated for his Gallantries as his Politicks; an Entertaining Hiſtory of which may be publiſhed, without the leaſt Scandal on the Ladies.* E. CURL.

Hoc amat & laudat: Matronam nullam ego tango.

Ut quondam Marſaeus amator Originis, ille
Qui patrium mimae donat fundumque laremque,
Nil fuerit mi, inquit, cum uxoribus umquam alienis.
Verum eſt cum mimis, eſt cum meretricibus: unde
Fama malum gravius, quam res, trahit. an tibi abunde
Perſonam ſatis eſt, non illud, quicquid ubique
Officit, evitare? bonam deperdere famam,
Rem patris oblimare, malum eſt ubicunque. quid inter
Eſt in matrona, ancilla, peccesne togata?

Villius in Fauſta Sullae gener, hoc miſer uno
Nomine deceptus, poenas dedit uſque, ſuperque
Quam ſatis eſt; pugnis caeſus, ferroque petitus,
Excluſus fore, cum Longarenus foret intus.

Huic ſi, mutatis verbis, mala tanta videnti
Diceret haec animus: Quid vis tibi? numquid ego a te

Mag-

But here's his Point: A Wench (he cries) for me!
" I never touch a Dame of Quality.
To *P--l--r*'s Bed no Actreſs comes amiſs,
He courts the whole *Perſonæ Drammatis:*
He too can ſay, " With Wives I never ſin."
But Singing-Girls and Mimicks draw him in.
Sure, worthy Sir, the Diff'rence is not great,
With *whom* you loſe your Credit and Eſtate?
This, or that Perſon, what avails to ſhun?
What's wrong is wrong, wherever it be done:
The Eaſe, Support, or Luſtre of your Life,
Deſtroy'd alike with Strumpet, Maid, or Wife.
What puſh'd poor *E--s* on th' Imperial Whore?
'Twas but to be where CHARLES had been before.
The fatal Steel unjuſtly was apply'd,
When not his Luſt offended, but his Pride:
Too hard a Penance for defeated Sin,
Himſelf ſhut out, and *Jacob Hall* let in.
Suppoſe that honeſt Part that rules us all,
Should riſe, and ſay--" Sir *Robert!* or Sir *Paul?*

" Did

Magno prognatum deposco consule * CUNNUM,
Velatumque stola, mea cum conserbuit ira?
Quid responderet? Magno patre nata puella est.

At quanto meliora monet, pugnantiaque istis
Dives opis natura suae! ut si modo recte
Dispensare velis, ac non fugienda petendis
Inmiscere.
—Tuo vitio, rerumne labores,
Nil referre putas? quare, ne poeniteat te,
Desine matronas sectarier: unde laboris
Plus haurire mali est, quam ex re decerpere fructus.

* Magno prognatum deposco consule *Cunnum.*
A Thing descended from the Conqueror.

A Thing descended——why Thing? *the Poet has it* Cunnum; *which, therefore, boldly place here.* BENT.

" Did I demand, in my moſt vig'rous hour,
" A Thing deſcended from the Conqueror?
" Or when my pulſe beat higheſt, ask for any
" Such Nicety, as Lady or Lord *Fanny*?——
What would you anſwer? Could you have the Face,
When the poor Suff'rer humbly mourn'd his Caſe,
To cry, " You weep the Favours of her † GRACE?

Hath not indulgent Nature ſpread a Feaſt,
‡ And giv'n enough for Man, enough for Beaſt?
But Man corrupt, perverſe in all his ways,
In ſearch of Vanities from Nature ſtrays:
Yea, tho' the Bleſſing's more than he can uſe,
Shuns the permitted, the forbid purſues!
Weigh well the Cauſe from whence theſe Evils ſpring,
'Tis in thyſelf, and not in God's good Thing:
Then, leſt Repentance puniſh ſuch a Life,
Never, ah, never! kiſs thy Neighbour's Wife.

† *Spoken not of one particular Dutcheſs, but of divers Dutcheſſes.*

‡ *The Original Manuſcript has it,*
——Spread a Feaſt
Of——enough for Man, enough for Beaſt:
but we prefer the preſent as the purer Diction.

Firſt,

Nec magis huic, inter niveos viridiſque lapillos
Sit licet, o Cerinthe, tuo tenerum eſt femur, aut crus
Rectius: atque etiam melius perſaepe togatae eſt.
Adde huc, quod mercem ſine fucis geſtat; aperte
Quod venale habet, oſtendit; neque ſi quid honeſti eſt
Jactat habetque palam, quaerit quo turpia celet.
Regibus hic mos eſt, ubi equos mercantur; opertos
Inſpiciunt: ne ſi facies, ut ſaepe, decora
Molli fulta pede eſt; emtorem ducat hiantem,
Quod pulchrae clunes, breve quod caput, ardua cervix.
Hoc illi recte. Tu corporis optima Lyncei
Contemplare oculis; Hypſaea caecior, illa
Quae mala ſunt, ſpectas. O crus, o brachia! verum
Depugis, naſuta, brevi latere, ac pede longo eſt.

Matronae, praeter faciem, nil cernere poſſis;
Caetera, ni Catia eſt, demiſſa veſte tegentis.

Si

First, Silks and Diamonds veil no finer Shape,
Or plumper Thigh, than lurk in humble Crape:
And *secondly*, how innocent a *Belle*
Is she who shows what Ware she has to sell;
Not Lady-like, displays a milk-white Breast,
And hides in sacred Sluttishness the rest.

Our ancient Kings (and sure those Kings were wise,
Who judg'd themselves, and saw with their own Eyes)
A War-horse never for the Service chose,
But ey'd him round, and stript off all the Cloaths;
For well they knew, proud Trappings serve to hide
A heavy Chest, thick Neck, or heaving Side.
But Fools are ready Chaps, agog to buy,
Let but a comely Fore-hand strike the Eye:
No Eagle sharper, every Charm to find,
To all Defects, *Ty——y* not so blind:
Goose-rump'd, Hawk-nos'd, Swan-footed, is my Dear?
They'l praise her *Elbow*, *Heel*, or *Tip o'th' Ear*.

A Lady's Face is all you see undress'd;
(For none but Lady M---- show'd the Rest)

Si interdictas petes, vallo circumdata, (nam te
Hoc facit insanum) multae tibi tum officient res;
Custodes, lectica, cinisiones, parasitae;
Ad talos stola demissa, & circumdata palla:
Plurima, quae invideant pure adparere tibi rem.
Altera nil obstat: Cois tibi pene videre est
Ut nudam; ne crure malo, ne sit pede turpi:
Metiri possis oculo latus. an tibi mavis
Insidias fieri, pretiumque avellier, ante
Quam mercem ostendi?
*—*LEPOREM *venator ut alta*
In nive sectetur, positum sic tangere nolit:
Cantat, & adponit, MEUS *est amor huic similis: nam*
Transvolat in medio posita, & fugientia captat.
Hiscine versiculis speras tibi posse dolores,
Atque acstus, curasque gravis e pectore tolli?
Nonne, cupidinibus statuat natura modum quem,
Quid latura, sibi quid sit dolitura negatum,
Quaerere plus prodest; & inane abscindere soldo?

Num

But if to Charms more latent you pretend,
What Lines encompaſs, and what Works defend!
Dangers on Dangers! obſtacles by dozens!
Spies, Guardians, Gueſts, old Women, Aunts, and Cozens!
Could you directly to her Perſon go,
Stays will obſtruct above, and Hoops below,
And if the Dame ſays yes, the Dreſs ſays no.
Not thus at *N—dh—m's*; your judicious Eye
May meaſure there the Breaſt, the Hip, the Thigh!
And will you run to Perils, Sword, and Law,
All for a Thing you ne're ſo much as *ſaw?*
" The Hare once ſeiz'd, the Hunter heeds no more
" The little Scut he ſo purſu'd before,
" Love follows flying Game (as *Sucklyn* ſings)
" And 'tis for that the wanton Boy has Wings."
Why let him ſing—but when you're in the Wrong,
Think you to cure the Miſchief with a Song?
Has Nature ſet no bounds to wild Deſire?
No Senſe to guide, no Reaſon to enquire,
What ſolid Happineſs, what empty Pride?
And what is beſt indulg'd, or beſt deny'd?

Num, tibi cum faucis urit ſitis, aurea quaeris
Pocula? num eſuriens faſtidis omnia praeter
* *Pavonem, rhombumque? tument tibi cum ingrata, num, ſi*
Ancilla aut verna eſt praeſto puer, impetus in quem
Continuo fiat, malis tentigine rumpi?
Non ego: namque parabilem amo venerem, facilemque,
Illam, *Poſt paullo, Sed pluris, Si exierit vir,*
Gallis: Hanc, Philodemus ait ſibi, quae neque magno
Stet pretio; nec cunctetur, cum eſt juſſa venire.
Candida rectaque ſit: munda hactenus, ut neque longa,
Nec magis alba velit, quam det natura, videri.
Haec, ubi ſuppoſuit dextro corpus mihi laevum,
Ilia & Egeria eſt: do nomen quodlibet illi.

* Pavonem, Pea-Chicks] *Not ill-render'd, meaning a* young *or* ſoft Piece, *Anglice*, a Tid-bit: *ſuch as that Delicate youth* Cerinthus, *whoſe Fleſh, our* Horace *expreſly ſays, was as* tender as a Lady's, *and our Imitater turn'd*

Such Nicety, as Lady or Lord F——

not amiſs truly; it agrees with My own reading of tuo femore, *inſtead of* tuum femur, *and favours of the true Taſte of Antiquity.* Bent.

Nec

If neither Gems adorn, nor Silver tip
The flowing Bowl, will you not wet your Lip?
When ſharp with Hunger, ſcorn you to be fed,
Except on *Pea-Chicks*, at the *Bedford-head*?
Or, when a tight, neat Girl, will ſerve the Turn,
In errant Pride continue ſtiff, and burn?
I'm a plain Man, whoſe Maxim is profeſt,
" The Thing at hand is of all Things the *beſt*.
But Her who will, and then will not comply,
Whoſe Word is *If*, *Perhaps*, and *By-and-by*,
Z—ds! let ſome Eunuch or Platonic take—
So *B—t* cries, Philoſopher and Rake!
Who asks no more (right reaſonable Peer)
Than not to wait too long, nor pay too dear,
Give me a willing Nymph! 'tis all I care,
Extremely clean, and tolerably fair,
Her Shape her own, whatever Shape ſhe have,
And juſt that White and Red which Nature gave.
Her I tranſported touch, tranſported view,
And call her *Angel! Goddeſs! M—ue*,

Nec vereor, ne, dum futuo, *vir rure recurrat;*
Janua frangatur; latret canis; undique magno
Pulsa domus ſtrepitu reſonet: ne pallida lecto
Deſiliat mulier; miſeram ſe conſcia clamet;
Cruribus haec metuat, doti haec deprenſa, egomet mi.
Diſcincta tunica fugienda eſt, ae pede nudo;
Ne nummi pereant, aut puga, aut denique fama.
Deprendi miſerum eſt: Fabio vel judice vincam.

No furious Husband thunders at the Door;
No barking Dog, no Houſhold in a Roar;
From gleaming Swords no ſhrieking Women run;
No wretched Wife cries out, *Undone! Undone!*
Seiz'd in the Fact, and in her Cuckhold's Pow'r,
She kneels, ſhe weeps, and worſe! reſigns her Dow'r.
Me, naked me, to Poſts, to Pumps they draw,
To Shame eternal, or eternal Law.
Oh Love! be deep Tranquility my Luck! *
No Miſtreſs *H--yſh--m* near, no Lady *B--ck!*
For, to be taken, is the Dev'll in Hell;
This Truth, let *L---l*, *J---ys*, *O---w* tell.

* *Here the Imitator errs.* The Latin *has it* dum futuo, *a moſt neceſſary Circumſtance! which ought to be* reſtored; *and may, by the change of a* ſingle Word, *be the* ſame *with that of the Author, and one which wou'd marvelouſly agree with the Ladies in the ſecond Line.* BENT.

FINIS.

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